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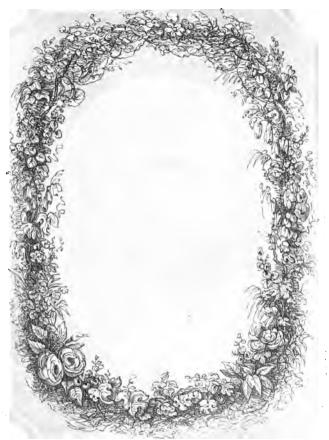


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FROM

Misses Emma of Elizabeth Harris





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EMBROIDERED FACTS.

BY

MRS. ALFRED BARNARD.

AUTHORESS OF "CONVERSATIONS AT THE WORK-TABLE."



LONDON: ORR AND SMITH, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

MDCCCXXXVI.

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May 3.1928

muses Emma o Elizabeth Harris

Mrs. Frances losthame Barnard

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SARAH AND WILLIAM BAKEWELL,

FOR WHOSE USE ONE OF THE FOLLOWING DRAMAS WAS WRITTEN,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE FRIEND,

FRANCES C. BARNARD.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Francesco Novello da Cabrara, late Duke of Padua.

TADDEA, his Wife.

CAMILLA, attendant upon Taddea.

GOVERNOR OF VINTIMIGLIA.

GIACOMO, a Countryman.

CAPTAIN AND SOLDIERS.

FRANCESCO DA CARRARA.

A. D. 1389.

Those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But when they mean to sink ye.

SHAKSPEARE.

SCENE I.

A small Inn at Vintimiglia.

Francesco, Taddea, and Camilla.

FRANCESCO.

AT length, my Taddea, your wearied limbs shall have rest. This inn, although humble, seems likely to afford us safety. I dare not lodge in the town. I liked not the looks of

some whom I met in passing through it; they seemed to guess that I am the unfortunate Carrara.

TADDEA.

It could scarcely be so. But with you in safety by my side, the meanest inn is a palace to me. My spirit scorns to complain while you partake with patience of the dangers which harass me; and, although this day's journey has been tedious and fatiguing, methinks I could encounter any weariness upon land, rather than again undergo the painful tossing of the boisterous waves.

FRANCESCO.

Let us rest here in peace for this night. Heaven grant that the winds and the waves may be more propitious to our voyage to-morrow, than they have lately been. Camilla, attend your lady: meanwhile I and Julio will make inquiries respecting the governor of this place, whether he be friend or foe. [Exit.

TADDEA.

Unhappy that we are !—scarcely have we escaped one danger, when another appears in our path. Would that it were possible to learn the fate of our faithful follower, who was so rudely seized at Marseilles; it is sad to think how many have suffered through our misfortunes.—Could I be assured of his life being spared, I might be thankful for the mistake which saved my lord from imprisonment.

CAMILLA.

It was, indeed, a fortunate mistake. But will my lady, after all the suffering she has experienced by sea, again venture in the ship?

TADDEA.

How can I do otherwise, Camilla? Do I not know that every step on land is fraught with peril to my lord? The spies of the Visconti track his path—in every thicket I fear their ambush, and in every village I fancy they are ready to betray us;—if for a moment fatigue be overcome by sleep, my slumbers are disturbed

by thoughts of future dangers. Oh, Florence! Florence! well may'st thou be called the Beautiful by the happy and joyous!—how beautiful thou art, the anxious wife and the bereaved mother alone can feel, when within thy friendly walls she shall be reunited to those for whom her affection pines.

CAMILLA.

Let me assist you to rest, my lady.

TADDEA.

Thanks, Camilla. But the evening star has not yet shed her pale light upon the wave. I will await my lord's return ere I retire.

SCENE II.

A room in the Governor's house. The Governor writing. Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

My lord, a person waits without to speak to you.

GOVERNOR.

I cannot see him; let him deliver his message through you. [Exit Servant.

SERVANT (re-entering.)

He says his business is solely with your lordship, and that he must see you immediately.

GOVERNOR.

If it must be so, let him be admitted.

[Exit SERVANT.

GOVERNOR.

Evil news, I fear; these petty wars disturb even our humble town. Daily we hear of fields laid waste and villages destroyed by the robbers, who take advantage of the quarrels of their masters to commit depredations.

Enter GIACOMO.

GOVERNOR.

What brings you here in this importunate manner?

GIACOMO.

A circumstance of some suspicion, which it behoves your lordship to be acquainted with.

GOVERNOR.

Explain it.

GIACOMO.

There arrived this evening, at the little inn beyond the gate, a party of persons whose demeanour does not accord with their manner of travelling. A man of noble bearing is attended by four companions of meaner appearance, and with them are two women.

GOVERNOR.

Pshaw! why should you trouble me with such a tale as this? Probably some young lord with his servants, disguised for safer travelling through this disturbed country. It were prudent not to interfere with him.

GIACOMO.

A nobleman I am sure he is, and one of the ladies is noble also. I much suspect, from the

manner of the attendants, that she is forcibly carried off. They never leave her, and she sits bathed in tears, while her female companion in vain attempts to console her. It ought to be inquired into.

GOVERNOR.

Your representation is extraordinary, and shall be attended to. I will immediately order the captain with his guard to arrest the travellers and bring them before me.

SCENE III.

The Inn.

Francesco, Taddea, and Camilla. Enter Julio.

JULIO.

Oh, my lord! a troop of soldiers are proceeding this way, and from what I can gather from the people of the village who are following

them, their object is to secure you, and to carry . you before the Governor.

FRANCESCO.

Attend to your lady, convey her to the ship with all possible speed, we may yet all escape on board ere the soldiers reach us.

[Exeunt.

Enter Captain and Soldiers leading Francesco prisoner.

CAPTAIN.

He is at last secured. Desire the captain of the vessel not to sail as he values his life.

FRANCESCO.

What does this outrage mean? Why are peaceful travellers thus insulted?

CAPTAIN.

Your appearance is suspicious, and I am ordered to convey you to the Governor. Soldiers, attend to your prisoner: Sir, I demand your name?



FRANCESCO DA CARRARA.

FRANCESCO.

And why need I refuse it? You see béfore you Francesco da Carrara, late Lord of Padua.

CAPTAIN.

Carrara! Can it be? Soldiers, fall back.—Ground arms. My Lord, how can I ask you to forgive my violent conduct? [Kneels.] Behold me at your feet—accept my obedience. I am a Guelph, and once served the House of Padua. I would have shed the last drop of my blood ere I would have disgraced myself by this rough treatment of the son of my honoured lord.

FRANCESCO.

If you be indeed a friend, and if I be not throwing myself into the power of an enemy, lead me to the castle, and let me explain to the Governor the claim I have upon his assistance. I sorely need it.

CAPTAIN.

I will escort you thither, my Lord.

SCENE IV.

The Castle. The Governor.

Enter the Captain, Francesco, and Soldiers.

How, Captain! is this the careless manner in which you bring your prisoner before me? Methinks respect towards me might lead you to a more strict obedience to my commands.

CAPTAIN.

My Lord, he is no prisoner.

GOVERNOR.

No prisoner! What do you mean?

I am Francesco da Carrara, lately the sovereign of Padua, now an unfortunate outcast, without friends, without money, and alas! without food.

GOVERNOR.

My Lord, I práy you pardon me. Do I indeed

behold the persecuted Prince, with the fame of whose virtues and misfortunes Italy rings from her mountains to the sea?

FRANCESCO.

It is even so. Betrayed by those who called themselves my friends, abandoned by my subjects, I now seek an asylum at Florence; there I may find assistance to regain the throne of which I have been so traitorously deprived. But meanwhile my beloved wife, the partaker and consoler of all my sufferings, is in want even of the food necessary for the sustenance of life. I pray you to provide it for us, and let me hasten to her with the welcome tidings of my safety.

CAPTAIN.

I have already sent a messenger to apprize the Lady Taddea that you are in friendly hands, and I will immediately conduct you to the ship with all due honour.

GOVERNOR.

If you choose to rest at Vintimiglia to-night,

I will undertake that you shall in the morning be amply supplied with the means of pursuing your voyage. May it be prosperous, and may success attend your undertaking. [Exeunt.

CHECKMATE AND LIBERTY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEHEMMED BALBA, Usurper of the Throne of Grenada.

JUZOF, his elder brother.

XABIFA, Mehemmed's Queen.

CHBISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

MOOBISH PRIEST.

MOOBISH PHYSICIAN.

GUARDS, &c.

CHECKMATE AND LIBERTY.

A. D. 1396.

How all our joys are set in toils of woe; As after darkness light the brighter shows, So from our sorrows all our joys increase.

HOWARD.

SCENE I.

Grenada. Saloon in the Alhambra. Mehemmed reclining on a couch. Moorish Physician and Attendants.

MEHEMMED.

This torture is dreadful; it can—it must be mitigated.

PHYSICIAN.

Alas, sire! I have exhausted all my art to relieve your majesty; I fear I can do no more.

MEHEMMED.

I have heard much of the fame of a Christian doctor of Xeres, and I have despatched messengers to him, strictly commanding that he be immediately brought into my presence.

PHYSICIAN.

May he be successful!

[Exit.

MEHEMMED.

If all should fail, if this Christian's art should be unavailing, what then remains to Mehemmed? To secure my son's succession. But he is yet an infant, and Juzof lives—lives in the hearts of my people as their rightful sovereign. With difficulty have I been able to keep the throne I so boldly usurped; my reign has been one of trouble and disaster—of discontent at home, and of misfortune abroad. Invariably unsuccessful against Castile, I have not even earned glory in my wars, and happiness I have never known. Oh! that I had at once placed Juzof beyond the reach of annoying me, then might my son

have succeeded to my throne in peace, and death had been less bitter to me. It is not yet too late——. But my only hope of life approaches.

Enter the Christian Physician.

Are you the Christian doctor of whose science fame speaks so highly?

CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

I am he for whom you sent.

MEHEMMED.

You know my case? The evil news of their sovereign's illness is not likely to be hushed by the cowardly slaves who surround me. Speak! will you relieve my agony?

CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

I fear it is beyond the reach of medicine.

MEHEMMED.

What! does your vaunted skill fail? or must I bribe you to assist me? Say what you require —gold—honours—territory—each, all shall be yours—but save me!

CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

I ask for nothing. My divine religion teaches me to return good for evil, and fain would I relieve you, but human aid is useless.

MEHEMMED.

Talk not to me of religion. Search your books, compound some medicines to stay this dreadful pain, and again, I repeat, name your reward—it shall be given you.

CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

It is impossible; the poison has spread through all the veins; it cannot be destroyed. I want no reward. Can I take gold from the hand red with the blood of my fellow Christians? Honours! will they satisfy a soul longing for immortality? Territory! what is that? A few feet of earth, a quiet grave, is all that will soon be necessary to me. And have these made you happy?

MEHEMMED.

Methinks you speak abruptly to your sovereign; but it is a novelty to me and I will endure it. You know that I have been unfortunate—unpopular at home, and discomfited abroad.

CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

I know that your wars against the professors of our holy religion have been unsuccessful and inglorious; but is there no deeper cause of unhappiness? Injustice, tyranny,—it is the remembrance of these which makes the death-bed painful.

MEHEMMED.

What do you mean?

CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

Juzof-your brother-

MEHEMMED.

He will not trouble me much longer.

CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

Release him! let him rejoice in the liberty of which you had no right to deprive him; thus will you smooth the couch of agony.

MEHEMMED.

Man! man! how dare you hint at such

an act? The bowstring should stop your insolence.

CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

You may command it; you may shorten by a few years this life, already stretched beyond the usual term, but while I live I will speak. My profession gives me opportunity, my religion gives me power; and many a death-pang have I soothed, many a sufferer have I cheered, when all the secrets of my art were useless. An easy conscience can endure pain, a guilty one suffers double agony.

MEHEMMED.

You cannot blame me. I was the idol of my soldiers, Juzof was not esteemed by them. I might have commanded his death, but I refrained; and now what benefit do I reap from my clemency? After my death his adherents will dispute the succession of my boy, and drive him from his father's throne. Juzof must die.

CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

He must not die. Hear me! Your son is but an infant. Could a boy of five years old wield the sceptre of Grenada, even in peaceful times? and now your powerful neighbours will surely take advantage of his weakness. Believe me! even if you dare be guilty of the wickedness which you meditate, your son will not have an easy lot. Will your riotous soldiers be governed by a child? Will your discontented nobles bend to the authority of an infant? No—war, misery must ensue, and your name will go down to posterity as a murderer.

MEHEMMED.

What would you have me do?

CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

Release Juzof—see him—request his forgiveness—engage his gratitude, and conjure him to be the protector of your people and a father to your child. Then lie down upon your bed in peace, and await the moment when it shall please the God to whom you have endeavoured to reconcile yourself to release you from your misery.

MEHEMMED.

And does the Christian religion teach this?

CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

It does—and more—it teaches not only to compensate for evil done, but to avoid evil, to love mercy.

MEHEMMED.

You may depart-Juzof shall live.

[Exit CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

Enter XARIFA.

XARIFA.

May I approach, my lord? I have anxiously awaited my lord's leisure, to learn whether the Christian doctor be worthy the fame he bears.

MEHEMMED.

He is worthy of honour and reverence. His medicines for the body may fail, but he heals the mind, he stills the troubled conscience.

XARIFA.

I understand not my lord.

MEHEMMED.

Juzof must live—must live to sit upon the throne of Grenada

XARIFA.

What! have you forgotten your Abdalla?

Can Abdalla cope with Henry of Castile?

His nobles can.

MEHEMMED.

Will his nobles obey a child?

XARIFA.

Yes—for your sake they will. Nay, shake not your head. The life of that child will be but short, if Juzof's be not shorter. I should almost think you love not the son of Xarifa. And what has been the consequence of your misjudged lenity to Juzof? Has a single year passed by undisturbed by his intrigues to regain

the throne? Has not even your life been sacrificed?—if, indeed, it be true what I have lately heard.

MEHEMMED.

What?

XARIFA.

That Juzof's hand prepared the poison which destroys you.

MEHEMMED.

It cannot be.

XARIFA.

I know not of myself, I speak only from those who do know, and this will be my Abdalla's fate also;—nay, even mine perchance.

MEHEMMED.

Say no more. [Claps his hand. Guard enters.] Despatch an Alcayde to Salabreno, and let me know immediately that Juzof is at rest. Now, Xarifa, are you satisfied?

XARIFA.

My boy shall be happy and secure!



CHECKMATE AND LIBERTY.

MEHEMMED.

And I!—What am I? a murderer—leave me, woman, your tongue has lost a soul.

SCENE II.

Prison in the Castle of Salabreno. JUZOF at chess with a Moorish Priest. Enter Alcayde.

ALCAYDE.

Mine is a painful errand. My lord, I bear the mandate for your execution.

JUZOF.

And is it thus at last? Well, after eight years of confinement, death has but few terrors for me; and yet he might have allowed me to linger out in peace the few years which sorrow and captivity have left to me. How long a time am I allowed to prepare?

ALCAYDE.

My orders are immediate.

PRIEST.

It cannot be; a few hours must be granted.

I cannot believe it. He is my brother, although my murderer; and he cannot give such a command.

ALCAYDE.

It is so; my orders are most peremptory.

PRIEST.

Without preparation, to be thus hurried into eternity!

JUZOF.

Two hours—I ask but for two hours.

ALCAYDE.

It may not be. I dare not delay. You must submit, my lord.

JUZOF.

I have never attempted to regain the throne from which I was driven. I have led an unobtrusive life. I care not for power;—could I but enjoy the free air of heaven, I would live content

with some humble cottage, and not envy Mehemmed the throne of Grenada.

ALCAYDE.

My errand must be done. Mehemmed is at the point of death, nay, even now may be no more.

JUZOF.

Mehemmed dying?

ALCAYDE.

Yes; a poisoned vest has baffled the skill of his physicians, the agony shoots through his veins, and no art can alleviate it. He fears the ambition of your adherents will deprive his son of the throne.

JUZOF.

Adherents! have I yet adherents? [Aside. If he fear, I may hope.] Two hours—one hour—one half hour—let me but finish this game, which cannot last much longer. You see that I am almost disabled.

PRIEST.

You must allow this request. My lord is nearly conquered.

ALCAYDE.

Finish it then, and quickly. I tremble for the consequences of my disobedience. Mehemmed may die, but my lord has other and powerful enemies who will never know peace until my errand be despatched.

JUZOF.

Whom do you mean?

ALCAYDE.

The queen, Xarifa. Through her influence and persuasion was the command given to me. She is ambitious for her son, and she fears the very name of Juzof.

PRIEST.

My lord, I check your king, and I fear he will scarcely avoid the mate. [Shouts heard.] What means that noise?

Enter Nobles.

NOBLES.

My lord, we salute you King of Grenada!

How? What?

NOBLE.

The usurper is no more, and the voice of the people calls you to the throne. Let us immediately leave this prison, and repair to Grenada.

JUZOF.

Is it not, indeed, a dream?

PRIEST.

Oh, fortunate delay!

NOBLE.

Hundreds are waiting around this castle to hail their rightful monarch, and thousands are anxiously expecting you at Grenada, eager to welcome you to the palace of your fathers.

JUZOF.

I will attend, but I can scarce collect my thoughts. [To the Alcayde.] Your mercy has

saved your sovereign; you shall be rewarded.—
[To the Priest.] And you, my consoler and companion, adieu.

SCENE III.

The Hall in the Alhambra. JUZOF. Enter XARIFA leading ABDALLA.

JUZOF.

The queen, Xarifa?

XARIFA.

Yes, my lord; do you not shun my sight?

JUZOF.

Why should I shun one whom I have never injured? and to whom I can forgive the injury she wished to have caused me.

XARIFA.

Not injured! Through your wicked arts I am a widow, and this poor child fatherless.

JUZOF.

What mean you, madam?

XARIFA.

It is you who sent to my beloved lord the poisoned vest which murdered him.

JUZOF.

Madam, I am innocent. I assure you, by our holy prophet, I am innocent. I have learned in solitude to wish evil to no one; and, much as I had cause to hate Mehemmed, I have never attempted to retaliate.

XARIFA.

Have you not disturbed his peace by your intrigues? Have you not fomented in secret the dissensions of the nobles?

JUZOF.

Never! I have wept for my country, for her armies overthrown, for her cities destroyed.

XARIFA.

And will you protect this innocent boy, who cannot harm you?

JUZOF.

Come to me, child! My throne must be unstable indeed, if this infant can shake it. No, madam, I glory in being the choice of my people, and their affection gives me security.

THE AMBITIOUS GIPSY;

oR,

THE ADVENTURES OF SOLARIO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLABIO, a young Gipsy Tinker.

COLANTONIO DEL FIORE, a Painter.

THE PRINCESS JOANNA OF NAPLES.

BIANCA, Colantonio's Daughter.

OLIVIA, her Friend.

Nobles and Ladies.

THE AMBITIOUS GIPSY;

OR.

THE ADVENTURES OF SOLARIO.

PART I.

A. D. 1409.

Her beauty in me wrought a miracle, Taught me to aim at things beyond my powers, Stock'd me with virtuous purposes, sent me forth To trade for honour.

MASSINGER.

SCENE I.

Naples. Colantonio's Studio. Solario standing before a Picture of Flora.

SOLARIO.

I MUST begin my work, and mend the stove; but I cannot help looking round at these fine

pictures; and among them all there is not one which attracts me so much as this. I never could imagine anything so beautiful as this face; the painter must have seen an angel, it cannot be the likeness of a living woman. But I must go to work, or the painter will send me away, and I would work here all day for nothing, to have the opportunity of looking upon that sweet face.

Enter BIANCA and OLIVIA.

BIANCA.

This is the picture.

OLIVIA.

Flora, is it not?

BIANCA.

Yes. Do you like it? Oh, I never will be painted again, it is so annoying; but the Signor is very fanciful, and is such a good customer to my father, that he insisted upon my sitting this time. Do you know the Signor, Olivia? he is said to be the most handsome cavalier in Naples.

OLIVIA.

Hush-hush-do you see that boy?

BIANCA.

Oh, it is only a gipsy that my father employed to mend the stove; he does not listen to what we are saying. Do you know, they tell me that the Signor will pay the more for the picture if it be like me? Do you think it is like?

OLIVIA.

Yes, very much. But come away, that gipsy boy is looking at us; he has not turned his eyes from you since you first spoke.

BIANCA.

Well, you must come and see it again when it is quite finished. The Signor comes every day.

OLIVIA.

You seem to think a great deal about the Signor, Bianca?

BIANCA.

Not I. I dislike him so very much, and so does my father; but he understands painting

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well, and therefore my father lets him come here so often.

OLIVIA.

Pray, Bianca, let us leave this room, I am quite afraid of that gipsy; he looked just this minute as if he were going to speak to you.

[Exeunt.

SOLARIO.

Is it possible? and was it not a real angel that I saw? [Goes to the picture.] Oh! it is not half beautiful enough—it is not at all like—not at all—it is ugly—positively ugly, compared with her. And she is Colantonio's daughter. How happy that Signor must be to see her so often! Oh, if I could see her again! I do think I am beginning to be in love; and if I am in love, what then? Why may I not marry her? Because I am a tinker—a gipsy tinker. True—but I may not always be a tinker, and I am not a tinker's son. The old man who taught me my trade would never tell me whose son I am. I will go to Colantonio directly.

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THE AMBITIOUS GIPSY.

But stay—that Signor—well, she said she did not like him. What shall I do? I wish I were not a tinker. I can change my trade—I will do so; but still I am a gipsy. Then, again, I may be the son of a noble; Colantonio cannot prove that I am not; very likely—I dare say that I am, or the Princess Joanna would not notice me so much. Perhaps she knows who my father is; I wish she would tell me. If I am the son of a noble I am a proper match for that beautiful creature, and I will go to Colantonio immediately.

SCENE II.

A Room in Colantonio's House. Enter Solario and Colantonio.

COLANTONIO.

What do you want with me, young man?

To ask your daughter in marriage.

COLANTONIO.

A pretty request ! You? A gipsy—a tinker—you cannot mean what you say.

SOLARIO.

Indeed I do. I have seen your daughter, and think her the most beautiful creature that can be imagined, and I wish to marry her.

COLANTONIO.

I dare say you do; and so may all the gipsies and tinkers in Naples; but it does not follow that I shall give you my consent. Mind your trade, my lad, and think no more of my daughter.

SOLARIO.

But if I change my trade, and am not the son of a gipsy, but of a noble, what would you say then?

COLANTONIO.

What I say now—that I think you have lost your senses; and moreover, I mean to bestow my daughter only upon some one who is as good a painter as myself.

SOLARIO.

Then will you accept of me for a son-in-law if, after a certain time, I return to you with that qualification? Will you give me ten years to learn to paint, and so entitle myself to the hand of your daughter?

COLANTONIO.

I do not hazard much by agreeing to that; it is not very likely that a gipsy tinker should become a good painter. Well—well—I agree—and so let me hear no more of your pretensions for ten years to come. Begone with you now.

SOLARIO.

Not so fast, father-in-law that shall be. You must go with me to the Princess Joanna and make a formal compact.

COLANTONIO.

To the Princess Joanna! To the king's sister! What has she to do with the matter? I wonder a gipsy tinker dares to speak of her!

SOLARIO.

I dare speak of her and to her, and even dare ask an audience, and it will be granted too, I can tell you; so come to the palace.

COLANTONIO (aside).

He may be the son of a noble after all; I must be more civil if the princess favours him. I will attend you to court, Solario, but remember it is you who must request an audience. I will take none of the blame if the princess should be offended at your presumption.

SOLARIO.

I am not afraid; I have been at the palace many times before this.

SCENE III.

Saloon in the Palace. JOANNA and LADIES.

Enter a Noble.

NOBLE.

Madam, the young gipsy, whom your highness has befriended, requests to see you upon a very particular occasion.

PRINCESS.

Let him enter.

NOBLE.

Colantonio, the painter, accompanies him; shall he also be admitted?

PRINCESS.

If he wish it. What can the boy want? He is a quick and intelligent lad: I hope he has not got into disgrace—the painter would not readily forgive him.

Enter SOLARIO and COLANTONIO.

PRINCESS.

Well, young man, what urgent business is this which brings you to the palace?

SOLARIO.

I hope your highness will not think I presume too far upon the notice already bestowed on me, but I have a favour to request of your highness.

PRINCESS.

Name it.

SOLARIO.

This Signor Colantonio del Fiore, the painter, is about to enter into a compact with me, and it will greatly oblige me if your highness will witness it.

PRINCESS.

A strange request, but it costs nothing; however, let me hear the subject of your agreement.

SOLARIO.

Signor Colantonio promises to give me his daughter in marriage, if, in ten years from this time, I prove myself as good a painter as he is.

COLANTONIO.

I stipulate that you remove to a distance from Naples for that time.

SOLARIO.

Willingly.

PRINCESS.

Colantonio, do you promise to give your daughter as Solario has said?

COLANTONIO.

Yes, please your highness.

PRINCESS.

Then I am witness to the agreement between you. It is a strange sort of betrothment; I hope the young lady consents.

COLANTONIO.

My will is my daughter's, please your highness; besides, Bianca has been brought up from infancy in my studio, and she will be delighted to marry any one who can paint as well as her father. Not that I expect this young man will

ever be able to claim her, as his present profession does not naturally lead to excellence in the fine arts.

SOLARIO.

No sneers, Colantonio: we shall see how matters are ten years hence.

PRINCESS.

Solario, I heartily wish you success.

SOLARIO.

Perhaps your highness knows something of my family; it would much add to Colantonio's happiness if I could prove myself the son of a noble.

PRINCESS.

I am sorry that I cannot assist you in that respect; but remember that talents and industry are better worth possessing than noble parentage. Adieu.

THE TRIUMPH OF GENIUS;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF SOLARIO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIGNOR SOLARIO, the Painter.

COLANTONIO DEL FIORE.

LIPPO DALMASI, a Painter of Bologna.

SIGNOR GALEOTTI.

JOANNA II., Queen of Naples.

BIANCA.

Nobles and Ladies.

THE TRIUMPH OF GENIUS;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF SOLARIO.

PART II.

A. D. 1419.

Know then, I here forget all former griefs, Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again, Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit, To which I thus subscribe—Sir Valentine, Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

SHAKSPEARE.

SCENE I.

Bologna-Lippo's Studio. Lippo and Solario.

LIPPO.

THEN you are resolved to leave me, Solario?

SOLARIO.

My ten years of exile are nearly expired, and I am anxious to return to Naples.

LIPPO.

Do you still keep your resolution, to claim your bride?

SOLARIO.

If you think that I can do so without fear of disappointment.

LIPPO.

As far as regards your qualifications as a painter, I have no apprehension of your failure;—but are you sure that Bianca is still unmarried?

SOLARIO.

I hear that she is, notwithstanding many advantageous offers. Colantonio is old, and suffers from ill health; Bianca has been his nurse, and I hear that she conducts herself with admirable prudence in circumstances of some difficulty.

LIPPO.

Your talents as an artist will enable you to earn your maintenance with fame—do you expect any dowry with Bianca?

SOLARIO.

Certainly not; I do not imagine that Colantonio is in circumstances sufficiently prosperous to give me one; and the affair of money was not mentioned in our agreement. Colantonio has so high an opinion of his own perfection as an artist, that I much doubt whether he will allow me any merit, and therefore I am in considerable anxiety respecting the manner of my application to him.

LIPPO.

He cannot deny your proficiency; but it may be of use to you to have a judge to whom you may refer. I should be most willing to give my testimony in your favour, but I think I shall be doing you a greater service by giving you a recommendation to Signor Galeotti of Naples, who well understands our art, and has moreover considerable influence at court.

SOLARIO.

This will be a kindness indeed to me. My former patroness is now queen of Naples, but she may not recognise in me the boy whom she so graciously noticed ten years ago. Signor Galeotti's introduction of me may be necessary.

LIPPO.

You have my sincere good wishes; I am much interested in the conclusion of your romantic history. Your unceasing patience and industry in combating many disadvantages first attracted my attention; but I had no expectation that, if that industry continued even for ten years, you would rise to the perfection you have now attained. I was not at first aware that the flame of genius was alive, and required only the excitement of example. You remember how earnestly I advised you to relinquish the thought of becoming a painter, but the inward

consciousness of genius was more powerful than my counsel. Continue your industrious habits; study good models,—above all, study nature; and I do not doubt your increasing excellence.

SCENE II.

Naples. Solario's Studio. Solario at work upon a Portrait.

SOLARIO.

I have now done all that I can to this portrait. I must await patiently the arrival of my patron. I am satisfied with my work, and I hope he will be so too. How little did I think, ten years ago, when in my ignorance I gazed at Colantonio's paintings, that I should one day be able to rival, and I think I may say to excel them. Oh, that day! when I first saw Bianca! How much influence that broken stove has had upon my after life. If I had not been sent for to repair

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it, I might never have seen Bianca; might never have known that I was capable of becoming a painter; the flame might have still remained dormant-I might even now have been a tinker. I must present myself to Colantonio and demand his daughter. Will he recognise in me the gipsy tinker? Scarcely. Colantonio has lived during my ten years' absence in Naples; he sees all about him unchanged; Vesuvius still frowns above his dwelling; he admires its majestic form at eve, and at morn when he rises he sees its grandeur undiminished. Our beautiful bay presents the same exquisite view to his eye day after day; he discovers no alteration in the scenes around him, and is not aware of any in himself-but to me Naples appears changed. Those gloomy ruins, among which, in my days of idleness, I used to wander, are more decayed; the old and rugged trees which overshadow them have lost more of their branches; and those young groves, whose trunks, ten years ago, I could have spanned, now afford commodious shelter from the noonday sun. Nature changes as well as man, but to Colantonio her changes have probably been imperceptible; those in me cannot but be striking to him. And Bianca, too, is not the same, but how much improved! Even the glimpse I caught of her at mass, showed me that time and thought have perfected the beauteous work of nature. My anxiety to——

Enter SIGNOR GALEOTTI.

GALEOTTI.

Well, Solario, I hope that you do not require any further attendance from me to finish my picture. I am solicitous to remove it to my house before to-morrow, as the Queen has condescended to promise that she will visit me, and, if she see this work of yours, she may inquire about you.

SOLARIO.

I am much obliged by the interest you express for me.

GALEOTTI.

Even if you wish for an introduction to her Majesty, I think I can accomplish it.

SOLARIO.

It is the utmost point of my ambition.

GALEOTTI.

Then come to my house to-morrow.

SCENE III.

A Room in GALEOTTI'S House. The QUEEN, attended by Nobles and LADIES, and GALEOTTI.

GALEOTTI.

I am much gratified by your Majesty's approbation of this portrait. The painter of it is a young man, lately arrived at Naples. He begs permission to throw himself at your Majesty's feet, and I have taken the liberty of inviting him here.

QUEEN.

I shall be happy to receive him.

Enter Solario.

GALEOTTI.

I beg leave to present Signor Solario to your Majesty.

QUEEN (to SOLARIO).

I am much pleased with the specimen I see here of your art, Signor. What picture is that you bear in your hand? Is it of your own painting?

SOLARIO.

May I presume to request your Majesty's acceptance of this Madonna? It is my own performance, but I fear not worthy to be placed among your Majesty's more valuable treasures.

QUEEN.

Many thanks, Signor Solario; it will hold a distinguished place in my gallery.

 ${\tt SOLARIO} (\textit{throwing himself at the feet of the } {\tt QUEEN}).$

If I might dare to remind your Majesty of

days long gone by, I would ask if you have any remembrance of a gipsy tinker, who, ten years ago, had the honour of being admitted to your presence, and in whose fortune you were then graciously pleased to take an interest?

QUEEN.

Rise, Signor. Do you mean the young man who brought Colantonio the painter to the palace, and requested me to witness an agreement with him respecting his beautiful daughter?

SOLARIO.

I am that young man. I left Naples immediately, and have, during the ten years stipulated between us, endeavoured with unceasing ardour to attain eminence as a painter. How I have succeeded, your Majesty can judge.

QUEEN.

But these cannot surely be your performances!

SOLARIO.

Indeed they are, please your Majesty.

QUEEN.

I can scarcely believe it; and before I require of Colantonio the fulfilment of this compact, I must have further proof of your having accomplished your task.

SOLARIO.

Any proof which your Majesty may command, I am ready to give.

QUEEN.

Then come to the palace to-morrow morning, and you shall paint my portrait. If the execution of it shall equal that of these pictures, I will readily intercede with Colantonio in your behalf.

SCENE IV.

A Room at the Palace. The QUEEN and SOLARIO.

QUEEN.

Signor Solario, I am so well satisfied with your painting, that I have commanded the attendance

of Colantonio and his daughter, and will immediately claim Bianca for you. But I request you to retire behind that curtain during my audience with the painter. [Solario retires.

Enter COLANTONIO.

QUEEN.

Signor Colantonio, I desired your presence here in order to have the benefit of your opinion respecting this portrait, which has been painted by a young artist just arrived at Naples.

COLANTONIO.

It is beautifully executed, and is an admirable likeness. I am highly flattered by your Majesty's condescension in asking my opinion on such a matter, and extremely happy in the opportunity of contemplating so fine a performance.

QUEEN.

You speak flatteringly, Signor. I fear that in your heart you think the skill of this artist far inferior to your own.

COLANTONIO.

Indeed your Majesty may believe in my sincerity, when I say, that even the most favoured of my works will not bear a comparison with this portrait. This Madonna and Child is, I imagine, by the same artist, and would do credit to the highest of our painters.

QUEEN.

I have sent for your daughter, wishing to reward this artist with her hand. I remember your agreement with the young tinker; but would you not rather bestow Bianca upon him whose fine productions you now see before you, than wait any longer for the return of the gipsy, of whom you have heard nothing for so many years?

COLANTONIO.

How can I thank your Majesty sufficiently for your kindness to my daughter? I never had any expectation that the tinker would return to Naples a painter, and it will gratify me beyond measure to give my daughter to this admirable artist, whom your Majesty patronises.

QUEEN (to her attendant).

Desire Signorina Bianca to attend me. Solario, come from your place of concealment.

Enter BIANCA, and SOLARIO from behind the Curtain.

COLANTONIO.

The tinker? impossible!

SOLARIO.

It is so! and by your own admission I am worthy to claim the hand of your daughter.

COLANTONIO.

I am happy to bestow it upon you; if not your ancestry, at least your art, deserves her.

QUEEN.

Bianca, I hope you consent?

BIANCA.

I will not resist the commands of your Majesty and my father's wishes.

QUEEN.

I will provide your dowry, and Solario may depend upon my continued patronage.

THE FEAST OF SPEARS;

OR,

A MONARCH'S WELCOME.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JAMES THE THIRD, of Scotland.

LORD SOMERVILLE.

EARL OF MAR, Brother to the King.

LORD ARRAN.

DAVID FLEMING.

PERKIN, a Dwarf.

LADY SOMERVILLE.

MARGARET, her Attendant.

Steward, Servants, Attendants.

THE FEAST OF SPEARS;

OB,

A MONARCH'S WELCOME.

A. D. 1474.

In the afternoon,
For we will have variety of delights,
We'll to the field again, no game shall rise
But we'll be ready for't.

MASSINGER.

SCENE I.

Hall in the Palace of Edinburgh. Lords Somer-

SOMERVILLE.

Well, my lord, what is to be our sport to-day?

No sport, I fear, which can accord with our inclinations. The King seems to like this inac-

F 2

tive life, but for my part I wish I were in my own castle; I would not spend my hours with fiddlers and buffoons.

SOMERVILLE.

It was not thus in his father's time.

ARRAN.

No, indeed; nor would it be so now, were his grace of Albany our master. He is a noble gentleman, well skilled in all the exercises which become his station; but this it seems is to be a peaceful reign: the manly accomplishments to which our forefathers were trained, are to give place now to music and painting, and such womanish pursuits.

SOMERVILLE.

This Cochrane who has gained our master's ear, can he teach us to build stronger castles than those in which our fathers defied the assaults of the border men? They spilled their life-blood to defend their King, and shall we submit tamely

to be cast out from his favour in order to make way for this low-bred mason?

ARRAN.

Hush! hush! my Lord of Mar comes this way.

Enter Lord Mar.

MAR.

My Lord of Arran, are you for the hunt to-day?

ARRAN.

I would right willingly attend your grace, but I am commanded to the music-room to admire some new performance with which Rogers intends to amuse his Majesty.

MAR.

And you, my Lord of Somerville?

It is even the same with me, I grieve to say.

MAR.

Then I must seek other companions. Will nothing move the King to a hunting party?

SOMERVILLE.

I know not; but see, his Majesty approaches.

Enter JAMES.

JAMES.

My Lord Somerville, I have heard great praise of the hospitality exercised in your castle of Cowthally, and should like much to prove if you know how to receive your King.

SOMERVILLE.

With pride and pleasure would I use all endeavour to gratify your Majesty, if it should please you to visit my abode.

KING.

I am much inclined to do so. Methinks Edinburgh grows dull to us. I should like to learn how my barons pass away the hours which are heavy to me.

SOMERVILLE.

I will acquaint my lady with your Majesty's design immediately, and trust to her prudence to arrange my poor establishment for your grace's reception.

SCENE II.

An Apartment at Cowthally. LADY SOMERVILLE,
MARGARET and PERKIN.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

A despatch from Edinburgh, my lady—Duncan Forbes was commanded to deliver it to you without delay.

LADY SOMERVILLE (taking the letter).

What does this mean? My lord's writing is new to me; I cannot decipher these words.—Margaret, will you assist me?

Gives her the letter.

MARGARET.

Indeed, my lady, this surpasses my skill.

PERKIN (aside, looking over her shoulder at the letter).

Speates and raxes!

MARGARET.

Shall I send David Fleming to your ladyship?

LADY SOMERVILLE.

Thanks, Margaret. [Exit MARGARET.

Enter FLEMING.

FLEMING.

My lady.

LADY SOMERVILLE.

Can you interpret these words of my lord?— His writing may be more familiar to you than to me.

FLEMING.

I am sorely grieved, my lady, but these are words of dread. Spears and jacks! and repeated three times. No doubt my lord has met with trouble in Edinburgh—some affray in which he wants immediate aid.

LADY SOMERVILLE.

Summon our men, and lead them to his succour! Haste—no delay! How many can you muster?

FLEMING.

Two hundred will be ready to rise ere the

alarm bell has ceased to sound. Our men love a fray too well to be laggards when they hear it, and, when they know their lord wants succour, they will scarce wait the muster.

[Exit FLEMING.

PERKIN.

Well, a rare feast for me to-day! I will be off to see the sport.

LADY SOMERVILLE.

What, Perkin, are you there? And do you rejoice that your master is in jeopardy?

PERKIN.

Rejoice! aye.—I am for the kitchen, there will be a grand stir in the larder. Now I will be revenged on master cook for scolding me the other day, because I stole a cut of the rich venison which he had just made ready for my lord's table.

LADY SOMERVILLE.

Would that your lord were here now, safe from danger!

PERKIN.

What, before the feast be ready? No, no; Father John may talk of his purgatory, thanks to my lack of wit I do not understand its terrors,—the worst punishment in my mind is to smell the savoury food, and to be compelled to wait with a famished appetite till it be ready to be devoured. I do not believe Father John himself loves waiting for his dinner.

LADY SOMERVILLE.

But do you not hear your lord is in danger? and is this the manner in which you receive such a notice?—Go from my sight, ungrateful being!

PERKIN.

Ha! ha! Yes, I will go. I will assist the cook. The larder shall know that I am master to-day.

[Exit.

LADY SOMERVILLE.

Alas! what can be done with that being; and yet, setting aside his gluttony, he is a harmless creature, and, I believe, attached to me. What

he means now, I cannot comprehend. The stream of his ideas is like a mountain brook lashed by the pelting hail and gusty wind, till its surface is a sheet of foam. Thus do passing occurrences disturb his thoughts, and produce those strange inconsistencies of speech which raise our wonder; while, under the rough and ungraceful surface, flows a stream of observation hidden and useless.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

My lady, there are sad doings below; Perkin is more troublesome than usual; he runs about the kitchen exclaiming against the meanness of the steward, who, he says, will not provide the feast his master desired.

LADY SOMERVILLE.

Send him to my closet; he will obey that summons.

SCENE III.

The Heath, near Edinburgh. KING and NOBLES.

ARRAN.

May it please your majesty, an armed troop approaches. Your grace had better retreat while I rally our people round us.

KING.

An armed troop! and the banner of our companion here at the head! Treason! my Lord Somerville, treason!

SOMERVILLE.

I am innocent, sire; there must be some mistake in this matter.

KING.

Do you not then acknowledge your banner? SOMERVILLE.

Yonder are indeed my men and my banner, but I have no knowledge whatever of the cause that has brought them here. But if your grace will permit me to ride forward, I will soon see the cause of this disturbance. In the meantime, let my eldest son and heir remain as an hostage in your grace's power, and let him lose his head if I prove false to my duty.

KING.

Ride forward, my lord, and clear yourself of this imputation. [Exit Somerville.

SOMERVILLE (re-entering).

Here is the cause of the alarm; a letter which I wrote to my lady, announcing your majesty's visit, has been most strangely misinterpreted.

KING.

How, my lord?

SOMERVILLE.

My lady has read my words "Spears and jacks," instead of "Speates and raxes," and has sent this armed band for my protection. I fear your grace will meet with poor entertainment at the castle in consequence of this mistake.

KING.

Well, my lord, indeed I cannot blame your lady—I protest I should have read it so myself; let us forward and relieve our hostess from her suspense.

SCENE IV.

A Room at Cowthally Castle. LADY SOMERVILLE reading. Enter Perkin hastily.

PERKIN.

Ha! ha! they are coming! they are coming!

How came you here, Perkin? Did I not desire you to remain in my closet?

PERKIN.

Hearing a great bustle in the court I ran down, and found Duncan and his troop come back in haste. And who do you think the feast is for?

LADY SOMERVILLE.

Be quick and tell me all.

PERKIN.

My lord is coming, with King James and all his nobles, and dinner is not ready.

LADY SOMERVILLE.

I must hear more of this.

SCENE V.

Court-yard at Cowthally. LADY SOMERVILLE meeting the KING and his Attendants.

KING.

Noble lady, I beg you to excuse the trouble in which you have been placed by my fancy of visiting your hospitable castle.

LADY SOMERVILLE.

I fear your grace does not find such a reception as is due to our king. I am but lately become acquainted with my lord's hand-writing,

and in this instance it took the form my fears dictated. But we will repair to the dining-hall, and I beg your Majesty to forgive our slender preparations in consideration of its being your first visit to Cowthally.

KING.

With pleasure, madam, I obey your summons; and doubt not that, but for the mistake which has been more unpleasant to yourself than to me, you would have displayed the same alacrity in providing a feast for your King that you have shown in raising your vassals to assist your lord. I only hope you will have as brave a band at his service whenever his King and country require them.

THE GUDEMAN OF BALLENGIECH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

James V. of Scotland, in disguise, as the Gudeman of Ballengiech.

John Howieson, a Labourer.

Janet, his Wife.

Brenie, their Daughter.

Nobles and Atlendants.

THE

GUDEMAN OF BALLENGIECH.

A. D. 1516.

He little dreamt, when he set out, Of running such a rig.

SCENE I.

A Barn by the roadside—Cramond Bridge in the distance. Howieson thrashing.

HOWIESON.

What a stramash I hear! but I cannot leave my work to go and see what is the matter. I suppose it is those good-for-nothing gipsies who passed by here just now. They were much inclined to quarrel with me, and I fear they have

attacked some honest traveller. I must go and see what is going on, my help may be wanted. Well, I do love a bit of a fight, and a dozen to one is too bad, for I see how it is now. I shall take my flail and help the man; he fights bravely.

[Exit.

Re-enters with BALLENGIECH.

HOWIESON.

You are sorely hurt, I fear?

BALLENGIECH.

Only a little blood, my friend. If you had not come to my assistance, I should have fared but badly among those lawless people. Do they often attack passengers in this manner?

HOWIESON.

Oh yes sir; the roads are not safe upon account of them. If the King could put a stop to their misdeeds, he might be praised indeed. But, sir, come into my barn, and I will fetch some water to wash your face.

BALLENGIECH.

Thank you, friend; I fear I make but a disordered appearance, scarce fit to travel homewards.

[Exeunt.

Re-enter from the barn.

HOWIESON.

If you will permit me, I will walk forwards with you; my flail has done service to-day, and may be yet of good use if you fall in with these riotous folks again.

BALLENGIECH.

Thank you, my friend; but, first, you must tell me to whom I am obliged for this succour. What is your name?

HOWIESON.

Please you, sir, my name is John Howieson, of the farm of Braehead.

BALLENGIECH.

And what do you the most wish?

HOWIESON.

Why, you know, sir, wishing is of no use,

but if the King would but give me this farm of his, on which I have worked for so many years, and my father before me, I should be the happiest man in Scotland—but the King has enough to do without minding the wishes of such as me. And, if I may be so free, sir, pray who are you?

BALLENGIECH.

I am called the Gudeman of Ballengiech, and hold a small appointment at the palace. If you will come to see me there next Sunday morning, I will strive to repay you for the courageous help you have given me to-day.

HOWIESON.

To be sure, sir, I will come. I do not want to be paid, but, perhaps, you could let me see some of the grand sights at the palace. My Janet, too, has such a wish to see the great folks; may I bring her with me?

BALLENGIECH.

I fear I cannot gratify your wife's wish, but,

if you come alone, I will make interest to have you shown the royal apartments. Now, good morning, my friend, do not forget to ask for the Gudeman of Ballengiech.

HOWIESON.

Good day, sir, I will not forget.

SCENE II.

Cottage. John and Janet.

JANET.

Well, John, I think it is very hard that I may not go to this palace with you. I am your own wife, and I am sure I never disgraced you yet.

HOWIESON.

I know that, Janet, and I did ask the Gudeman to let you go.

JANET.

If I am not so gay as some of the ladies about

court, I can put on my best gown that was my grandmother's, and I am sure I am good enough to go where you will go; for I dare say this Gudeman only belongs to the kitchen, and you know I can behave myself; for when I carry fowls to the Palace, Mrs. Deborah always praises my manners, and asks me into her room to take something.

HOWIESON.

Well, Janet, all I can say is, that if this Gudeman be as civil-speaking to-day as he was on Thursday, I will ask him again to let you see the grand sights at the palace; somehow, I think he's above the kitchen folks there, he spoke so grandly.

JANET.

If you see the housekeeper, John, mayhap she may ask you if you have any daughters, and then you might speak a good word for Beenie, and say what a handy clean lass she is, and then—

HOWIESON.

Well, well, I will not forget, dame; brush my cap for me, and let me be off.

JANET.

Stop; you might say you would send your wife to speak to her ladyship about Beenie, and then I would put on my best gown, and I would say, please you—

HOWIESON.

I say, dame, please you hold your tongue, and give me my cap; I am in a hurry.

JANET.

Hurry, indeed! so it seems! you will forget all my good advice; I do wish I were going, I would speak a good word for all the bairns myself into the bargain.

HOWIESON.

I dare say you would. Good bye.

JANET.

I say, husband, mind you tell her ladyship what good butter Beenie makes; I dare say they

eat a sight of butter at the palace. I know they will like Beenie's butter; I taught her myself.

HOWIESON.

Good bye, good bye.

JANET.

John! John!

HOWIESON.

What, wife?

JANET.

And tell them Beenie's cheese is the best the country round. If they like, I will send them one to taste. Here, wait a minute, I will fetch one directly,

HOWIESON.

No, no, not now; a pretty thing to carry a cheese to the palace! the first visit, too! Mayhap, I may go again, and that will be time enough. Good bye. [Exit.

JANET.

Good bye, but I wish it were my chance; he will forget all I have said, and then Beenie won't

get a place. Well, I shall hear what he says when he comes home; and if they behave civilly to him, I will put on my best gown, and be off to the palace without his knowing it, and I will speak to the housekeeper for Beenie myself: I am sure when she hears what I say, she will be glad to take her, and then I can get Mrs. Deborah's good word too, (I dare say the housekeeper at the palace is friends with Mrs. Deborah,) and then, if Beenie goes to the palace, who knows but some of the King's gentlemen may take a fancy to her, and marry her, and then she may take little Sandie to live with her, and he is so fond of horses - no doubt he will come to be King's coachman in time; and then -but poor Dugald! I do think he loves Beenie; well, he must go to court too, and marry some great lady; and then I-

Enter BEENIE.

Oh, mother! the little spotted pig is very bad—it will not live, I am sure.

JANET.

It is a fine thing to be a King's coachman, and drive him to the Parliament House.

BEENIE.

What, mother! are you fey? I tell you the little pig is dying, the pretty spotted pig that I have nursed so carefully.

JANET.

What! dying?

BEENIE.

Yes; do come and see it. Perhaps we can do something to save it yet.

JANET.

Well, it is a pity Sandie is not old enough to take his place.

BEENIE.

Take his place! Sandie? the pig?

JANET.

Who talked of the pig, lass? the King's coachman, you mean.

BEENIE.

Mother! mother! I tell you the poor little pig is dying!

JANET.

Oh yes—the pig—I remember now—but I was thinking of something else.

BEENIE.

Now, do come with me, and let us try if we can do anything more for the poor little creature.

JANET.

Aye, surely; poor little pig! but the King's coachman, Beenie! only think of that!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Entrance Hall of the Palace. John How-IESON and SERVANTS.

HOWIESON .

My name is John Howieson, and I want to see the Gudeman of Ballengiech.

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SERVANT.

I will tell him you are here, sir; he expects you. [Exit.

Enter BALLENGIECH.

BALLENGIECH.

Well, my good friend, you are true to your appointment. You wish to see the royal apartments, do you not?

HOWIESON.

If I may be so bold, sir; but do not you think the King will be angry, if you take me round without his leave? Indeed, sir, I do not wish my curiosity should bring you into disgrace.

BALLENGIECH.

I will take the risk of that; follow me.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Another Apartment in the Palace. Enter Bal-LENGIECH and Howieson.

BALLENGIECH.

Well, John, what has pleased you the most in all you have seen?

HOWIESON.

I am sure I do not know, sir, it is all so very grand. I think that room, I forget what you call it, with the large looking glasses, is the most wonderful; only I should not like to see myself every way I turn, if I were the King.

BALLENGIECH.

And, now, I suppose, you would like to be introduced to the King?

HOWIESON.

Oh, sir, I cannot think of that; the King does not know me, and sure he would not like a

stranger should come before him for nothing but curiosity.

BALLENGIECH.

He will not be put out of countenance, I assure you.

HOWIESON.

No, sir, but he might be angry with you; and it would be very ungrateful of me, after all your civility, to ask you to do what the King would not like.

BALLENGIECH.

If you wish it, I will undertake to let you see him without making him angry.

HOWIESON.

Maybe you mean through the chink in a door? no, sir! I won't be a spy to see the King even!

BALLENGIECH (laughing).

No, not through a door either, my honest friend, but in the midst of all his nobles.

HOWIESON.

Well, sir, and then how should I know him from those smart gentlemen? I am sure when I saw three of them in that great picture room, I thought they were all the King, they were dressed so fine.

BALLENGIECH.

I will tell you how you may know the King; all the others will be bareheaded, the King alone will wear his hat or bonnet.

SCENE V.

Saloon in the Palace. Nobles assembled. Enter Ballengiech and Howieson.

HOWIESON.

Oh, how grand! Pray, sir, do not leave me, let me stay by you; I am so ashamed; and

now I do not see the King. Show me which is he, and let me go away. Pray, sir!

BALLENGIECH.

I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat.

HOWIESON.

Then it must be either you or me, for all but us two are bareheaded.

BALLENGIECH.

Then, John, suppose I am the King; and suppose I grant your wish, and give you the farm of Braehead for yourself, and your children, and your children's children for ever.

HOWIESON.

Oh, sir! what shall I do to deserve it?

BALLENGIECH.

Let me think a minute, John; I will tell you what you shall do. Whenever the King of Scotland passes the bridge of Cramond, you or your successor shall present him with a basin and

ewer to wash his hands; but I hope he will not have such need of it as I had last Thursday.

HOWIESON.

I hope not, indeed, sir. Oh how happy my Janet will be! and Beenie need not go to service now, she may marry Dugald whenever he pleases.

THE MILK GIRLS OF DORT;

OR,

A MORNING'S ADVENTURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KATRINA VANDERWERT.
GERTRUDE, her Sister.
VANDERWERT, their Father.
DOROTHEA MEYER, their Cousin.
FIRST SPANISH SOLDIER.
SECOND SPANISH SOLDIER.
COUNCILLOR OF DORT.
BURGOMASTEB'S SERVANT.
BOY.

THE MILK GIRLS OF DORT;

OR.

A MORNING'S ADVENTURE.

A. D. 1575.

The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,
That give mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice
Virtues which shun the day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

ADDISON.

SCENE I.

The Highroad near Dort. KATRINA and GER-TRUDE with Milkpails.

GERTRUDE.

This walk is weary to me this morning. I wish our father would excuse us this task.

KATRINA.

He might well do so, but he loves to keep on in the old-fashioned ways of our country. He thinks the morning air gives us freshness, and that we meet him at breakfast with more liveliness of spirit from our early exertion. But you are not so strong as I am, Gertrude. I will tell our father that he tasks your strength too much.

GERTRUDE.

Oh, no, dear sister, I must continue to share your work. I do not lack strength; but you know our poor mother favoured me in all our youthful sports, and you have been a tender mother to me since she died.

KATRINA.

Well, dear Gertrude, let us rest awhile under this hedge. We are yet early on our road, and can well spare the time.

GERTRUDE.

Willingly. After a few minutes' rest I shall rise with renewed strength to continue my walk.

[They sit down.



KATRINA.

I hear voices approaching, and they are Spanish voices. No, do not rise, Gertrude, they are not in our road.

GERTRUDE.

They are behind the hedge. I am much alarmed; those Spanish soldiers are so rude, they beg the milk of us poor girls, and scarce youchsafe a thank for it.

KATRINA.

They come nearer—no—they stop.

GERTRUDE.

What do they say?

KATRINA.

Hush—we shall be discovered—the hedge is thick, and may hide us if we move not.

GERTRUDE.

Oh! let me come nearer to you.

KATRINA.

Pray, pray, dear sister, be still.

FIRST SOLDIER (behind the hedge).

See, there are our comrades, let us crawl along this hedge and we can there rejoin them.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Stop one moment; my cloak has caught this briar.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Be quick! I fear lest our captain should have missed us. Oh for a draught of fresh milk this hot morning! I have heard my comrades say that they have often stopped the lasses as they go to market.

GERTRUDE (in a whisper).

Oh, Katrina! what shall we do?

KATRINA (in a whisper).

Certainly they do not see us.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Well, we shall have some time to wait for our breakfast, but if our stratagem succeed we will have a luxurious meal by and by.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Ah, little do the honest citizens imagine how near their enemy is. And the fat Burgomaster, I doubt not, yet slumbers in his bed, and does not think how soon it will be changed for a prison. Now then, if you have disengaged your cloak, let us creep on.

GERTRUDE.

Did you hear them, Katrina? Are they quite gone?

KATRINA.

Yes, let us walk on quickly—what course shall we take in this emergency? We must give an alarm in the town.

GERTRUDE.

See, see, under those hedges; it is an army. Oh, Katrina! I am so alarmed. Cannot we turn back?

KATRINA.

Do not fear; our path lies this way, you know; we need not go near them. Let us walk

on without a sign of fear. We are quite alone, and upon us depends the saving of the town.

GERTRUDE.

I tremble so much I can scarcely support myself; pray quicken your pace.

KATRINA.

No, they see us; I know they do—I saw one turn his head just now, but they do not stir. They will not harm us—we must pretend not to observe them. We will at once go to the Burgomaster, there is yet time to prevent the execution of their dreadful plot.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The outside of the Burgomaster's House.

Enter KATRINA and GERTRUDE.

GERTRUDE.

This is the house. I came here with my father, when he wished to intercede for that poor

Michael, when he stole our pony. It is a long time ago; but I recollect how kindly the Burgomaster spoke when my father told him of the poverty of the poor man.

KATRINA.

I hope he will receive us as civilly.

[Knocks at the door.

SERVANT opens the door.

KATRINA.

I must see the Burgomaster directly.

SERVANT.

You cannot, fair maid, he is not yet awake.

KATRINA.

Awaken him, or he will soon sleep in death; his life—the lives of all in the town, depend upon my seeing him.

SERVANT (aside).

She must be beside herself. (Aloud.) And what errand has a milkmaid with a Burgomaster? Has her cow strayed? Or have the Spanish

soldiers levied too high a tax upon the contents of her pail?

GERTRUDE.

Indeed we must see him—the town will be surprised, and we shall all be murdered.

SERVANT.

Both with the same story? Well, I will hear if my master be stirring. [Exit.

GERTRUDE.

Oh, if we cannot see him, what will become of us?

KATRINA.

I will see him—no denial shall prevent it.

Re-enter SERVANT.

KATRINA.

May I see him? speak—say so!

You seem in a great hurry, my lass; follow me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

The Street. KATRINA and GERTRUDE.

GERTRUDE.

What shall we do? I dare not go home.

KATRINA.

Let us hasten to leave our milkpails at Dame Mieren's as usual, and then we will go to my cousin, Dorothea Meyer, and wait the result of our information. I cannot guess what steps will be taken to avert this plot, and we had better say nothing of our adventure.

GERTRUDE.

But if it be too late and the town be taken! Oh, my poor father! Oh, Katrina! we must go home.

KATRINA.

I trust our warning was not too late. But what means that crowd. I must inquire. (To a man.) Friend, what is the matter.

GERTRUDE.

Are they come? are they come?

KATRINA.

Hush, Gertrude! do not betray us.

MAN.

The council has been called together in a very great hurry, and has ordered the sluice gates to be opened immediately. It is reported that an alarm has been given that the Spaniards are concealed in ambush to surprise the town. But this command will prevent them.

KATRINA.

Thanks, thanks. Now let us go to our cousin's house, Gertrude.

GERTRUDE.

Our father will be a severe sufferer by this sudden inundation.

KATRINA.

He will not mind that when he hears how his daughters have done their duty.

GERTRUDE.

It was you, it was you alone, dear Katrina. I am weak and fearful.

KATRINA.

No, Gertrude, indeed you are not. You are a child in years, but you are a woman in mind, or you would not have been able to controul your fear.

GERTRUDE.

Let us say nothing about it, as all is right. At least, I hope it is so, but I still tremble.

KATRINA.

If my father chance to hear of this, and has any fear for us, he will assuredly seek us at our kinswoman's.

SCENE IV.

DOROTHEA MEYEB'S House. DOROTHEA, KATRINA, and GERTRUDE.

Enter VANDERWERT.

Well, girls, you are here then, and safe; I trusted to find you so.

DOROTHEA.

They arrived sadly alarmed by the events of the morning. Can you tell me how all this happened?

VANDERWERT.

I know no more than that the Burgomaster was awakened very early this morning with the intelligence, that the Spaniards were hidden in considerable numbers under the hedges on the north side of the town, and only awaited some accession of strength ere they would break in upon us, and surprise the inhabitants.

DOROTHEA.

How dreadful! Who brought this account to the Burgomaster?

VANDERWERT.

It is said that some peasants journeying to market saw the concealed soldiers, and with admirable promptitude acted as I have told you. But, Gertrude, how pale you look! if you had seen the soldiers yourself you could not appear more alarmed. Well, girls, one promise I make you; I will never require you to bring milk to the town again; I shall always remember this morning. Why do you not thank me for this? Do you like your morning's walk too well to give up the opportunity which it affords you of a gossip?

KATRINA.

Oh, father! I-I

BOY (runs in).

Oh, mother! Cousin! one of the council is come to speak to you.

DOROTHEA.

To me? What can it mean?

Enter COUNCILLOR.

COUNCILLOR.

Friend Vanderwert, I congratulate you—your daughters have saved the town.

VANDERWERT.

How! My daughters!

COUNCILLOR.

Yes, it was they who gave the intelligence to the Burgomaster—to their courage and presence of mind we are all indebted for our safety.

GERTRUDE.

Oh, it was Katrina! Thank Katrina.

KATRINA.

We were together, and if Gertrude's fears had overcome her prudence, all would have been lost. But is the enemy destroyed?

COUNCILLOR.

Entirely. It was a strong force, we imagine, and well commanded. Had it not been for your

noble conduct, their stratagem must have succeeded: as it is, few have escaped to tell of their discomfiture.

VANDERWERT.

My dearest daughters, I am indeed proud of being your father; and the first of May shall in future be a festival with us.

COUNCILLOR.

I assure you the council are not ungrateful: it is intended that they should in a few days proceed to your house in grand procession, to offer the thanks of the town to your daughters. It is also resolved, that in future the arms of Dort should bear a cow and milkpail in remembrance of them.

VANDERWERT.

You do us too much honour.

COUNCILLOR.

That is impossible. Also, as it is known how much your property must be injured by the opening of the sluices, they intend to offer you ample recompense.

VANDERWERT.

I am quite repaid by the happy result of my daughters' good conduct; but if such be the determination of our Governors, the sum shall be added to their marriage portions.

DOROTHEA.

Come, my brave cousins, let us retire; I fear these occurrences have overset your spirits. You need rest.

KATRINA.

Indeed, we do. We cannot now express our feelings. We will be ready to accompany you, my dear father, in an hour or two.

WOMAN'S HEROISM;

OR,

È

THE ESCAPE OF GROTIUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HUGO GROTIUS.

MADAME GROTIUS.

TERESA, a Servant.

MERCHANT OF GORCUM, Friend of Grotius.

FIRST SOLDIER.

SECOND SOLDIER.

WOMAN'S HEROISM;

OR,

THE ESCAPE OF GROTIUS.

A. D. 1620.

Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage; Minds innocent and quiet take That for an hermitage.

LOVELACE.

SCENE I.

A Room in the Castle of Lowenstein. Grotius and his Wife.

GROTIUS.

INDEED, my dear wife, I cannot think of deserting you. Nearly two years have heavily

passed away since you voluntarily entered this prison to cheer my solitude; these years have been long and cheerless to both of us, but if in that time I have for a moment forgotten that I was a prisoner, it has been to your cheerfulness and affection that I have owed the blessing of forgetfulness—Can I then be so ungrateful as to follow your suggestion? You would doubtless be placed in strict confinement as soon as my escape should be discovered, and how could I enjoy my liberty while remembering the price at which I had purchased it?

MADAME GROTIUS.

Have no fear for me I beseech you; as soon as I know you to be safe, I shall confess to the commandant what has been done, and I am sure that our enemies have too much generosity to punish me for what is, in fact, only my duty. The commandant is now absent; I will immediately go to his wife, and sequest that the chest may be removed to-day.

GROTIUS.

To-day.

MADAME GROTIUS.

Yes; it is quite prepared for you, and indeed we must not lose any time; the commandant may return, and then our scheme would be frustrated.

GROTIUS.

I cannot resolve to undertake it.

MADAME GROTIUS.

But I have resolved. I will not see your health and spirits wasting almost daily, without making an effort for your release, and this opportunity appears to be so favourable that I dare not let it pass. Trust to me, my dear husband; I will so arrange as to prevent all suspicion.

[Exit MADAME GROTIUS.

Must it be so? must I leave this devoted, this noble-minded woman to the mercy of my persecutors?—but she is right—they will not be so mean as to revenge my escape upon her. It is true that my health is injured, that my mind loses its elasticity; I am no longer capable of the intense study necessary for the continuance of this work, which my mind tells me will carry my name down to future ages with fame and honour. This castle, although finely situated, is but a prison; the beautiful Rhine which flows at its foot conveys no freshness to me, it but tells of the scenes of freedom and happiness which it has passed in its course; the mountain breeze brings no healing on its wings, it but whispers of liberty, lost to me perhaps for ever.

Enter MADAME GROTIUS.

GROTIUS.

So soon returned?

MADAME GROTIUS.

Yes, and with good tidings. I have told the commandant's wife that the well-known book chest must be removed once more; that I have

insisted upon your giving up your books in order to prevent you from injuring your health by study; and in an hour from this time two soldiers will be here to convey it to Gorcum. Further, the last time the chest was sent to the town, I enclosed a letter to our trusty Teresa, desiring her to wait about the gates of the castle this afternoon, in order to accompany the precious burthen.

GROTIUS.

Were you then aware that the commandant would be absent to-day?

MADAME GROTIUS.

I understood some time ago that he would be from home either to-day, to-morrow, or the following day; and I can fully trust to Teresa's prudence and punctuality, that you will hear her welcome voice as soon as you are beyond these dismal walls. But the soldiers will soon be here. Enter your place of concealment, and may you have a safe release from it.

GROTIUS.

And you, my wife, under what circumstances do I leave you! shall we meet again?

MADAME GROTIUS.

Yes, yes, quick; I hear the soldiers ascending the ladder. Adieu.

GROTIUS.

Adieu, my deliverer.

[Grotius enters the chest.

Enter Soldiers.

MADAME GROTIUS.

There is the chest, remove it as quickly as possible—my husband is ill, and cannot bear the slightest noise. Gently, or you will disturb him.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Comrade, I cannot lift it.

SECOND SOLDIER.

It is very heavy; I should think, by the weight, that there must be an Arminian in it.

MADAME GROTIUS. There are Arminian books in it. [The Soldiers lift the chest and exeunt.

SCENE II.

Courtyard of Lowenstein Castle. Enter Soldiers with the Chest.

FIRST SOLDIER.

I do not like the business, we never had such a load before; I fear something wrong.

SECOND SOLDIER.

It is heavy enough, certainly, but what can there be wrong? come, come, let us make haste—you are a poor weak fellow to complain at carrying a chest of books; if you were obliged to read them, indeed, you might complain with reason.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Well, I am not easy about it. Suppose we

set the chest down here by the great gate, and go and speak to the commandant's wife about it.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Indeed! I do not like her presence well enough to do that. You must remember that it was by her means that I was placed under arrest a short time ago, only for loitering upon the bank of the river half an hour beyond shutting-up time. No, no, she gave us our orders, and if there be anything amiss, she must take the blame, and I shall not much pity her either.

FIRST SOLDIER.

Will you remain here while I go to her?

And what am I to do here? keep guard upon a few books—a pretty service, indeed, for one who has fought under the great Maurice of Nassau. Well, go along upon your wise errand; I shall go to sleep and leave the books to guard themselves. But make haste back, and upon no account bring the commandant's wife back with you.

[Exit First Soldier.

SECOND SOLDIER.

An honourable service, truly! Well, I do pity the prisoner, and still more his wife; I love to see her try to cheer him. I do not wonder that she wishes to get rid of her husband's books. I dare say they only make him more unhappy. I was in prison once, and a thrush came to the grated window and sang—it seemed to say, "How much happier I am than you are."—I hope I shall never be in prison again. But who is that peeping in at the gate? What do you want here, my lass?

Enter TERESA.

TERESA.

Only curiosity, sir.

SECOND SOLDIER,

Strange curiosity to see a prison, truly—well, step into the court, and look about as much as you please; the gates will not be shut yet awhile. I am waiting for a comrade to help me to carry this great chest to Gorcum.

TERESA.

Indeed! a large chest and a heavy one, if it be full of treasure.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Heavy enough, as it is, lass, although there are only books in it.

TERESA.

And how far is it going?

SECOND SOLDIER.

To a merchant's house in the town. I shall tell you no more, your curiosity seems to be alive to-day, lass. But do not run away, stay and talk with me till my comrade returns. Here, sit down by me on the chest.

TERESA (aside).

He cannot breathe, if I do; even now he must want air. (Aloud.) I am not fatigued, and methinks this grassy hillock on the outside of the gate is a more pleasant seat than the one you offer me.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Well, there is also room for me there, but here comes my comrade.

Enter FIRST SOLDIER.

FIRST SOLDIER.

I have seen the lady; she says that the chest is quite full of books, and we must make haste and deliver it where we were ordered to do. It is the last job of the kind that we shall have, she says, so come along.

SECOND SOLDIER.

Here, lass, come with us; and hark ye, have done with curiosity about prisons, or, perhaps, one day you may know too much of the inside of one.

TERESA.

Thank you, sir, I am going back to the town, and will walk by your side. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Gorcum. A Room in a Merchant's House. Grotius writing.

GROTIUS.

It is now a fortnight since I obtained my long-wished liberty; but at what a price! it loses all its sweetness when I reflect that my noble-hearted wife is still detained in close captivity. I know not what steps to take for her deliverance, should the petition which my friends have presented for me to the States-General fail in its hoped-for effect. Who can intercede for her? I trusted ere this to have heard the result of my petition: my heart forbodes evil from delay. I will apply closely to study, and hope in books to find relief from painful thoughts.

Enter MERCHANT.

MERCHANT.

Still melancholy, my friend?

GROTIUS.

How can I be otherwise? can I forget the fate of my deliverer—of my beloved wife? My departure hence must not be any longer delayed. I must proceed to Paris—I dare not any further risk your safety.

MERCHANT.

I bring you good news, prepare to hear it.

GROTIUS.

What do you mean?

MERCHANT.

Your petition is received and approved.

GROTIUS.

And granted?

MERCHANT.

Yes, my friend. The voluntary confession of Madame Grotius has so touched the States-General, that they have commanded her immediate release, and you may shortly expect to welcome her here.

GROTIUS.

Is this really true?

MERCHANT.

I heard it from the Governor of Gorcum, who half an hour ago forwarded the order to the Commandant of the Castle of Lowenstein.

GROTIUS.

This is indeed good news! then I shall again see her before I proceed upon my journey.

MERCHANT.

Compose yourself, and I will go towards the castle to meet Madame Grotius, and conduct her to you.

GROTIUS.

How can I ever repay your kindness, my valued friend?

MERCHANT.

Adieu—expect us soon.

FIRST HOURS OF ROYALTY;

OR,

A QUEEN'S REVENGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ELIZABETH FARNESE, Queen of Spain.

PRINCESS ORSINI.

ANNETTA, her Attendant.

CARDINAL ALBERONI.

COUNT CHALAIS,

PRINCE LANKE,

MARCHIONESS PIOMBINO.

Officer of the Guard, Soldiers, &c.

FIRST HOURS OF ROYALTY;

OR.

A QUEEN'S REVENGE.

A. D. 1714.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise;
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.

GRAY.

SCENE I.

Hotel at Pampeluna. Queen and Alberoni.

ALBERONI.

I HAVE received your Majesty's summons to a private interview.

QUEEN.

I wish to request your advice upon a subject

of considerable importance, my lord. I am resolved not to receive the Princess Orsini into my household.

ALBERONI.

What does your Majesty mean? Surely you are not aware of the power she possesses in Spain.

QUEEN.

Nevertheless, I intend, immediately upon her introduction to me, to command her to retire beyond the frontier.

ALBERONI.

This communication of your Majesty's astonishes me. I cannot, without trembling, think of the effect your determination will have upon the King; your Majesty cannot know the extent of the influence she possesses over him.

QUEEN.

I am aware of all—I will take the risk of the King's displeasure—I am perfectly certain that it is his wish to be freed from the bondage in which this ambitious woman has so long held him.

ALBERONI.

Your Majesty may in a short time dispossess the princess of her influence; but habit is strong with Philip: he is accustomed to be guided, and I much fear that in the first moments of anger at the loss of his favourite, he will give his confidence to some who may be more effectually your Majesty's enemies than the princess.

QUEEN.

Who can be more my enemy than this detested woman? Did she not employ all the means in her power to prevent my marriage? Did she not even despatch a messenger to my uncle's court, presumptuously forbidding its solemnization? Did not her emissary arrive at Parma even on the very morning of the ceremony? And was it not with the greatest difficulty, by bribes and threats, that he was induced to defer his entry till the next day; so peremptory

were his mistress's insulting orders? Can any one be so much my enemy as this imperious upstart?

ALBERONI.

Your Majesty has indeed a right to feel insulted, and I cannot wonder at your wishing to rid yourself of such an enemy; but I tremble for you.

QUEEN.

Will you not trust to me? Then read that, and fear nothing. [Gives him a letter.

ALBERONI.

This indeed alters the case, and I sincerely congratulate your Majesty upon the possession of such a document.

QUEEN.

I am well satisfied that the King should have entrusted me with the execution of this piece of revenge; it was probably intended by him to compensate for the insolent conduct of the princess in endeavouring to prevent my marriage.

ALBERONI.

I believe his Majesty is not acquainted with her atrocious conduct in that instance, and I rather think he presses the accomplishment of this business upon your Majesty, not having courage to undertake it himself.

QUEEN.

Do you remark this sentence? "At least take good care not to delay her dismissal, for if she converses with you only two hours she will captivate you." It now remains to concert our plan; and it was for that purpose that I required your grace's attendance.

ALBERONI.

I scarcely know how to advise your Majesty. You must expect a violent opposition from the princess.

QUEEN.

Armed as I am with the King's authority, I do not fear the result; but I do fear lest my courage should fail me in the outset.

ALBERONI.

After what has occurred, your Majesty can have no feeling of compassion towards your victim?

QUEEN.

Certainly not, but I have heard that she is of a violent temper.

ALBERONI.

She is unaccustomed to contradiction, and will be exasperated at this blow to her greatness.

QUEEN.

She has ruled long enough, and you see by that letter has aspired to rule still more absolutely. His Majesty hints pretty plainly at her endeavour to partake of his throne, and says truly that she would, by her arts, effectually hinder us from living in that state of affection and confidence in which we ought to live. How can I act?

ALBERONI.

Indeed I cannot point out. Your Majesty's

own feelings must dictate a plan for the accomplishment of your object.

QUEEN.

I will reflect upon it. Meanwhile let me pursue my journey.

SCENE II.

Inn at Xadraca. The Princess at table.

Enter ATTENDANT.

ATTENDANT.

Her Majesty is arrived, and has this moment alighted.

PRINCESS.

I will attend her at the foot of the staircase.

[Execut.

Enter the QUEEN, PRINCESS, and Attendant Ladies.

PRINCESS.

I am happy to welcome your Majesty to your

new dominions. I hope your Majesty is not very much fatigued with your journey.

QUEEN.

But slightly, I thank you, madam.

PRINCESS.

Shall I attend your Majesty to your apartment.

QUEEN.

You may, madam.

SCENE III.

The Queen's apartment. Queen, Princess, and Marchioness Piombino.

PRINCESS.

I left his Majesty this afternoon. He proceeds to Guadalaxara to-morrow to meet your Majesty, and looks forward with impatience to the hour which will introduce to him a princess whose beauty and accomplishments have been so highly praised by all who have had the honour of seeing her. In the meanwhile, perhaps, your Majesty will allow me to——

QUEEN.

Madam, this is not the manner in which I intend to be served by my ladies of honour. I must say that neither your dress nor deportment show that respect which, as your Queen, I have a right to demand.

PRINCESS.

I beseech your Majesty to excuse me; if you will point out any error I have made in etiquette, I shall be proud to rectify it.

QUEEN.

Error in etiquette ! no madam, your error has been insult—treachery—such as I will never pardon, and for which you shall be severely punished. I banish you from my kingdom for ever.

PRINCESS.

Banish me! the friend, the adviser of your husband! you dare not do it!

QUEEN.

I command you to leave my presence.

PRINCESS.

I will leave your Majesty's presence to repair to the King, and acquaint him with your conduct towards me.

QUEEN.

I will take care of that. Be silent, madam. Guard! turn out that mad woman, who has dared to insult me. (Guard leads the Princess out.) Summon the officer in waiting.

Officer enters.

QUEEN.

Arrest the Princess! and convey her at once to the frontier. What! do you hesitate? Let me be obeyed directly.

OFFICER.

Your Majesty may not be aware that the king alone has power to give such an order.

QUEEN.

Have you not his Majesty's command to obey me without reserve?

OFFICER.

Undoubtedly, please your Majesty.

QUEEN.

Then obey me!

OFFICER.

I beg your Majesty to forgive me when I say, that if, hereafter, any trouble should arise to me on account of my obedience, I shall have only a verbal order to allege as my exculpation.

QUEEN.

Give me a pen and ink. (Officer gives it her. She writes.) There is a written order, let me be obeyed without further delay. (Exit Officer.) Now, marchioness, I am at ease,—my enemy is disarmed.

MARCHIONESS.

I admire your Majesty's promptitude; and sincerely hope your Majesty may find all the benefit you expect from this act of retaliation.

QUEEN.

How could I have borne her presence? Could I have endured her services after her treacherous conduct to me? But the struggle is over. I will retire to rest.

SCENE IV.

A room in a small Inn. The PRINCESS and ANNETTA.

PRINCESS.

It is in vain that I fatigue my mind with vague conjectures—it only remains to me to be resigned; leave me for a short time, Annetta.

[Exit Annetta.

PRINCESS.

Thus far have I travelled, and yet no letter, no message, even! Have I deserved this treatment? No. I have been deceived, outwitted, betrayed. The wily cardinal has plotted this in order to rule with undivided sway, but I am much mistaken if he does not find that he is overmatched. This good girl, as he described her, accustomed only to her needle and embroidery, turned out to be, as I was afterwards more rightly informed, a clever, resolute, and aspiring woman. She will speedily gain the King's affection. Well, better that she should fill my place in his confidence, than the man who inveigled me to select her for his queen. It is evident that she is acquainted with my endeavour to prevent the marriage. But this degradation! for me who, for so many years, have enjoyed absolute power, to be thus dragged across this inhospitable country in the depth of the winter, with but one humble female attendant, and without even a

change of dress! I can command myself before my companions, but alone I must give way to anger and resentment.

Enter CHALAIS and LANKE.

LANKE.

I cannot express to your highness our grief at finding you in this wretched situation. After all the benefits conferred through your means upon this ungrateful country, to be thus insulted, thus driven away, is dreadful.

CHAL AIS.

And to be compelled to travel in such weather without accommodations of any kind!

PRINCESS.

Why do you come to me with that doleful countenance? shake it off, or leave me. I have nothing to reproach myself with, and am perfectly tranquil. But I wish to know how the King received the intelligence of my dismissal. Chalais, you can inform me of all that has passed since my departure.

CHALAIS.

His Majesty passed the whole evening at cards, from time to time expressing his impatience to receive a message from you. This seemed but natural, and did not alarm me.

PRINCESS.

A message? that would have availed me nothing. The artful Italian was too precipitate to allow the time for my doing so. Go on; tell me every particular.

CHALAIS.

When the King rose in the morning I attended him, and we proceeded to Guadalaxara. There it was that I first heard from one of the domestics the news of your arrest. I immediately requested leave for the prince and myself to follow your highness.

PRINCESS.

And did you not obtain it? Why did you not overtake me sooner?

CHALAIS.

Grimaldo brought me the permission, and

showed me a packet for you, which, according to his account, contained a donation of the Principality of Roses; but we were ordered not to depart till the Queen arrived.

PRINCESS.

Then Philip may yet be my friend!

CHALAIS.

Alberoni arrived, and was immediately admitted to a private audience, and at eight o'clock came her Majesty.

PRINCESS.

And the ceremony was performed!

CHALAIS.

It was; but not a word escaped relative to you. At length we were allowed to depart, and I was desired to deliver you this letter.

PRINCESS (taking the letter).

And the donation?

CHALAIS.

I heard no more of it.

PRINCESS (after reading the letter).

Cold enough—formal and unfriendly.

Caarla

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graciously permits me to remain at the place at which you may overtake me, in order to rest for a short time; then I am commanded to proceed to St. Jean de Lucy. It moreover promises that my pension shall be duly paid. Read it.

[Gives him the letter.

CHALAIS.

This is indeed abrupt and unfriendly. To what part of France do you propose to retire?

PRINCESS.

As soon as I have passed the frontier, and am once more at liberty, I shall despatch you with letters to Louis and the ministers, and solicit an asylum in my native land. Paris, of course, I shall prefer, and Philip may yet hear of me there. Thus terminates my dream of grandeur, and with me falls the fortune of Spain.

THE END.

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